

New Thing From London Town

Gary Numan

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Refugees of broken sound
The sound of breathing and crying hearts
This situation tears me apart.
The new police will find me soon
I can't hide inside this room
I'm waiting for the boys to come
Then we can move out one by one.

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Nothing left to keep us down
We are not responsible
Someone pays and someone falls
We slide into the night
Silhouettes in a cold blue light
Take a look and look away
We need something we need to play.

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